

## Muskogee Cimeter.

W. E. TWINE, Editor.

MUSKOGEE, . . . IND. TER.

NEW STATE NEWS.

Wanette has a new bank, called the Wanette State bank.

The Seminole land office opens at Wewoka Thursday of this week.

Oklahoma City, Shawnee and El Reno each had a day at the World's fair.

Cecil Casey, twelve years old, was instantly killed near Weatherford by being kicked in the throat by a horse.

The Indian Territory board of pharmacy, recently appointed by Judge Raymond, met at Muskogee last Saturday.

The Universal Gas, Oil and Mining company of Weatherford has been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$200,000.

The new telephone system at South McAlester will be under ground, and will cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

Brewster Bros.' threshing engine blew up at Carnegie last Thursday, killing George Brewster and seriously injuring his brother, Bryon. A third brother was badly scalded.

The Eufaula Indian high school opened on the first with a good attendance. The building had been remodeled and electric lights put in.

J. W. Mansel, a farmer near Sterling, raised four watermelons on one vine, the total weight being 285½ pounds. The largest melon weighed 80½ pounds, and the smallest 66 pounds.

Durant has its first water works system. The final test of the plant has been made, showing a pressure of one hundred and twenty-five feet to the square inch. The cost of the plant was \$82,000.

Judge Raymond, one day last week, at Muskogee, sentenced fifty-four prisoners convicted of various offenses. Nineteen of the prisoners were sent to the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth and the balance will be taken care of in the jails at Muskogee and Fort Smith.

An effort is being made by his mother to have George Mattox pardoned from the penitentiary at Lansing, where he is serving a life sentence for murder. This is his second term for murder. His mother secured a pardon from President McKinley for his first offense.

Recently a negro named T. W. Burton, residing at Guthrie, was arrested on a charge of assaulting J. T. Sparks, a Choctaw brakeman, with a knife, as the train was pulling into town from the west. Burton was fined \$50 and costs.

September 10th two prominent farmers of Comanche county, George W. Bridges and Andrew J. Bickett, will have a hearing before the probate court at Lawton upon the charge of having burned prairie illegally. The complaint was sworn to by one of their neighbors.

El Reno is to have a fine park, eighty acres of which is to be a lake, the water to be pumped into it from the Canadian river. The farm of Judge Frank Gillett is to be converted into the park.



### A Cucumber Grew!

A green cucumber grew where dews sweet nectar sent,  
Wherein a garden old were odors redolent!  
The sunlight kissed the vine, the earth its succor lent,  
And breezes sang by day where moon-beam shafts were blent—  
Thus this cucumber grew to girth of wondrous span;  
'Twas plucked and sold at last to Mr. Dagoman.

The peddler peddled long and sold it to Jim Slack.  
Who peeled and ate the "pick" with divers smile and smack—  
'Twas then that pickle green began to hump its back!  
It gripped and bucked and growled, tried every wicked tack;  
Rolled over and lay down, then bunched up like a rock.  
'Til Jim he plumb collapsed as limber as his sock!

They called the doctor hence. He looked both wise and strong  
To cope with pain and pang and every inward wrong.  
He pumped Jim's insides out. It didn't take him long;  
But Jim he gagged and died! His spirit joined the throng  
Of those long gone before who now are hale and glad—  
Upon his tomb we read this doleful message sad:

"A green cucumber grew where dews sweet nectar lent;  
Jim ate it and now dwells in climes magnificent!"

### Joshua's Appendicitis.

Joshua Fumbleberry, farmer, was born with a pain. Sometimes it was in his stomach and sometimes it was in his imagination, but it was ubiquitous.

Joshua was not one that suffered in silence, but was a devout apostle of the philosophy of King Crony in a paroxysm of gout—"Nature knows best and she says, 'roar!'"

"Land a-goshen, Joshua," complained his long enduring wife, "ye'll be havin' that there appendicitis in yer mind some day, and the doctor won't be able t' do a thing fur ye, cause he can't operate on yer imagination and when ye git dead sot on it, nothin' but an operation'll ever git ye over it!"

"You wimmen folks talk too much," snarled Joshua hotly, "but I s'pose ye wouldn't be happy if ye didn't jam about so much wind er missed a revolution occasionally. When I'm sick, I'm sick, ain't I? Ye don't s'pose I'm sick cuz I enjoy it, do ye?"

That was the beginning.

"A man gits mighty little sympathy in this world," moaned Joshua at 10 p. m. two days later, when a sharp pain attacked him in the left side about three inches below and slightly back of his lower vest pocket.

Deliberately at first, then with accelerated rapidity, the truth rushed upon him. He had appendicitis!

"Go fer th' doctor, Mirandy! Go quick!" he bawled. "I've got it this time sure. Ef I should die," moaning, "afore ye git back, they's \$40 hid in the granary that ye didn't know about, an'," holding his hand clasped closely over the pain, "my will's made out and down t' Pikeville in th' office o' Squire Diggem—"

"But go! Go!" as Mirandy, her arms akimbo, stood immovable in an attitude of gathering defiance.

"Joshua Fumbleberry, ye ain't got no more appendicitis than I hev, an' I ain't goin' t' make no dark ride o' eight miles through mud and water to git ye a doctor when ye don't need none. I've been a good an' faithful wife ter ye and allus cared fer ye when ye wuz sick, but I'm through chasin' pill peddlers t' fix up yer imagination, so there!"

"So there" was accompanied by a determined stamp of the foot and Joshua knew the ultimatum was final, but his blood and his imagination were up. Besides, didn't he have appendicitis and wasn't he at that very moment a man marked for the cold and clammy silence of the grave?

"Mirandy Fumbleberry," Joshua

spoke intensely, "af you don't git th' doctor fer me, afore midnight I'll die—or I'll git a divorce, an', an' I don't keer which?"

"Take yer choice, Joshua," retorted the wife stolidly. "Take yer choice!"

"Then—I'll—go—myself fer the doctor," he sobbed, jumping from the sofa and shuffling into his overcoat. "Ef I die ye'll be satisfied, but I ain't goin' t' die without a chance ter keep ye from spendin' my money yet awhile! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! gimme strength!" he beseeched as he feebly passed out into the dooryard toward the barn.

An hour later Doctor Phil Graves of Pike's Corners was aroused from his 11 o'clock snooze by a loud rapping.

"Come on out t' our house quick, Doc," shouted Fumbleberry through the closed door. "I'll order yer hosses hitched as I go past th' livery stable. They ain't no time t' lose!"

"Whose sick," queried Doctor Graves, in the weird light at the top of the stair case—but all he heard as feet clattered down the steps was:

"Out to Fumbleberry's, eight miles north!" and the rumbling of wheels as the caller hurried away in the darkness.

Muttering fervent anathemas upon his ill luck, Doctor Graves shuffled out of his pajamas and prepared a hasty toilet for a cold and cheerless ride over black and soggy roads.

Bespattered and benumbed, he reached the Fumbleberry home just as the kitchen clock struck the half hour after midnight.

"Who's sick?" he queried, entering the house and handing his coat to Mrs. Fumbleberry. "I thought it must be you. Got some company?"

"It's Joshua," lisped Mirandy, quietly. "He's goin' t' die!"

"Joshua?" shouted Dr. Graves. "Joshua? Why he drove in after me!"

"I know, doctor; I couldn't go," lamely. "He's got the appendicitis in his appendix and he can't live! He's in here. Come in!"

Buried in a heap of feathers, quilts and family overcoats lay Joshua Fumbleberry, shaking pitifully and groaning immoderately!

"Well, I'll be blamed!" gasped Doctor Graves, explosively.

"Turn over here. Let me get a look at you. Any pain here?" pressing the flesh over the appendix.

"No, doc, no! It's on th' tother side! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Appendicitis don't come on the left side, Mr. Fumbleberry. Let's—"

"It don't? It don't?" screamed the excited patient. "I thought it could come on both sides!"

"Both sides at once, eh?" growled the physician, continuing his examination.

"Mr. Fumbleberry," Doctor Graves was deliberately impressive as he held something aloft on the end of his pen-knife, "you've had a wood-tick on you, that's all!"

A surprised groan was the only interruption and the physician continued:

"Have your wife put a bandage about you to keep the blood off the linen, and then go to sleep. Good night!"

"We'll do tell, Mirandy," whimpered Joshua repentantly, "did ye ever know about that there appendix allus growin' on the right side? But yer glad ain't ye, Mirandy, thet I ain't dead—ain't ye?"

"Where did ye say that there money was hid in the granary, Joshua?" diplomatically. "I hain't had a new go-t-meetin' dress fer seven years," replied Mirandy meaningly.

"It's in a tin box in the corn sheller, Mirandy," sighed Joshua meekly. "Git a new dress, Mirandy! Git a new dress!"

And Mirandy did!

The city man longs for the dale and the dingle; the country man yearns for the noise and the bustle—and both, when permitted to visit the scenes of their longings, are disappointed. The picture is always most beautifully blended from a distance.

## WAR NEWS FOR STUDENTS.

### Japanese Girls at Bryn Mawr Taking Active Interest in Contest.

Among the students at Bryn Mawr are several Japanese girls, who take the liveliest interest in the progress of the war between their country and Russia. Of course they read all they can get hold of in the way of news concerning the conflict, but their most cherished information consists of telegrams received constantly from home through private sources. These are, of course, brief, but they concern always the most recent event, and what with accurate knowledge of the geography of the theater of war and with their supplementary reading of available newspapers, the young women are able to keep posted to a close degree.

It is said, indeed, that some of these telegrams are more or less official in their character and are forwarded by or at least through the co-operation of the Japanese government. —New York Globe.

### Triplets Attain Their Majority.

A unique event has recently been celebrated in Manchester, England, in the coming of age of the triplet sons of Mr. Edward Buck, of Buford House, Whalley Range. The three young men are all associated with their father in business in Manchester. They were born on June 27, 1883. The coming of age was celebrated at a gathering of relatives and friends from Manchester and Carlisle, held at Windermere. There were eighty guests at dinner, and the assembled aunts and uncles of the three young men presented them each with a gold chronometer.

Folks is all time cryin' out fer justice, but if ever man had justice done him dar'd be many vacant lots in de real estate of dis worl'. —Atlanta Constitution.

## BUILDING FOOD

### To Bring the Babies Around.

When a little human machine (or a large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food which will always bring it around again.

"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die."

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts and, although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the slice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fatened right up and became strong and well."

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centers and brain. A well fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."